There was but a little fire-yet that lit-There was but a little fire—ye that little lighted up the handsome face of young Flintwood with a pale, ghostly gleam. And in that face, by the light, you could read the fearful tale of uter poverty, and near starvation. There was hunger in the wild expression of the hollow eyes, and upon the broad white forehead, where the transparent skin failed to conceal the delimite vein-tracery wrought there.

Two years before, Horace Flintwood had left his pleusant home in a country section of Massachusetts, and his aged parents, to seek his fortune in the great

parents, to seek his fortune in the great of the west, C——; where we find him the commencement of our story. The old homestead, the blessed old place

where his childhood had been passed, was mortgaged, and it was to obtain money to save the home of his parents from stranger hands, that young Flintwood had bid fare well to those he loved and joined the great stream of westerm emigration. His trade—that of a bricklayer—at first pro-cured him ready money in flattering quanwith settling so far east as C—, the young mechanic soon found himself de-He would have followed the current on

even to the shores of the Pacific, but an attack of fever brought him to his bed, and he at length arose to find himself deprived of every dollar which he could once call his own. On the very verge of starvation, he thought of begging his way back to his parents, but his pride revolted. They were poor, and looking to him for the restoration of their dissipated fortune! penniless and starving? No, not even if he died in that great city alone, and for the want of bread! He could not go back to their only to increase their cares, and be but an additional burden upon their scan-

means. Horace Flintwood was thinking of all this, while sitting there by the waning fire that chill November night, and as he thought, despair crept into his heart. Out upon the mufiled air boomed shrill and clear the bell of a neighboring tower pealing eleven. As the last echoing ceased, there came a short quick rap at Horace's door. He answered the summons, and a figure, closely wrapped in a black cloak, strode into the room, and without a word sat down on the chair which Horace had

"A wild evening, friend," Horace re marked, to break the awkward silence. "Very. Are you engaged this even-ing?" The stranger's tones were quick and imperative.
"Engaged!" Horace started at the ques

tion, "certainly not at this time of night."
"Are you in want of money?" The unknown bent a glance of piercing inquiry upon Horace, from a pair of black, flash-ing eyes, set far back under cliff-like

"Sir, I am not accustomed to answer questions concerning my private affairs."

Horace drew himself up proudly, and something like a frown passed over his pale

"I require a job of work done-done by -a discreet workman I mean, and such is your reputation among those who best know you. Horace bowed.

"It is a small job, but I wish it finished to-night-to-night!" repeating the words with startling emphasis," and you must

"Well, sir, work would be very accep table to me-I need the money bad enough but midnight is rather a singular time to call upon the services of a bricklayer." Granted-but I ask it, nevertheless

and still further; you must be blindfolded. and conveyed to the place where you are to labor in a close carriage, and return to your lodgings in the same way. Moreover, you must swear never to reveal a single thing which may occur to you this night, to any living creature!"

The unknown had risen to his feet, and

stood silently and haughtily awaiting Horace's reply.

The young bricklayer seemed much struck by the mysterious proposition of his strange visitor.
"Could I but know that there was no

thing criminal, nothing—"
"It is enough that you have nothing to

do but follow my directions. All will be well with you, and the pay shall be yours in advance, if you require it." He flung down a purse, well filled with gold, upon the table. Horace's eyes glistened, but he was silent.

There are one hundred dollars-they are yours if you consent." "One hundred dollars! impossible!

cannot accept it-it looks too much like a bribe for committing some horrid crime-"Hush! my friend, I know your circumstances, and your services to-night will

fully compensate me for the trifling sum. Do you consent?" Horace threw on his well-worn overcoat and taking with him some small implements of his trade, he followed the un-

known to the waiting carriage. Once within the vehicle, a handkerchief was bound tightly over his eyes, and the night f blindness settled over every object. on and on rolled the phæton over gate, over the brick pavements, out upon the plank road, until at last the wheels re-

olved upon the hard gravel of a turnpike. By-and-by, the way became rough and stony, and Horace knew that they had left the city and its environs far behind them. Not a word had been exchanged between the young mechanic and the unknown; and the man who held the reins and guided the berses was silent as the grave.

rength the carriage stopped, and Jurien was assisted to alight. He was and acted up a grassy path, and into some soct of a building—he knew it by the confined air and heavy clang of doors behind him. With the unknown holding fast to his arm, he ascended two flights of stairs ooms; then down a light or steps, a long empty corrider; and then, y descending four winding stair.

wood ven

contains a treasure, of what form it mutters not to you; suffice it that I wish it placed here—he pointed to a recess in an angle of the wall—and then you are to build across the aperture a solid line of his face was visible. masonry—solid, mind you! two tiers of brick, breastwise, and a coat of strong plaster over the whole! You will find all upon Flintwood's shoulder, "Well, I ad-

Horace drew back. "I cannot, unless I know the contents of that casket. It may be that I am employed—made the instrument of some dreadful villainy! indeed, indeed, I cannot go to work in this blind

uncertainty."
"Choose between it and death!" came through the clenched teeth of the unknown and drawing a revolver from his breast, he held it in frightful proximity to the

young man's forehead.
"Your decision!" His voice was low, but awfully clear and distinct. "I consent!" Horace spoke the word

without a shadow of quivering.
"Enough! and now I leave you to your self. If your work is done to my satisfaction, an additional hundred shall reward you for the fright I have given you!" He lighted an iron lamp which hung suspended from the roof of the celler, and with a courteous "good night," the unknown withdrew, bolting the door behind him. Horace was left alone in the silent and

mysterious chamber.

A strange awe stole over him, and mingled with the overmastering curiosity he felt to examine the sealed box. Come what would, he determined to have a glimpse of "the treasure" concealed there, and Horace Flintwood, when once resolved upon anything, however perilous, was as immovable as the eternal Rock of Gi-

Securing the great door upon the inside with a couple of rusty bars which had probably been unused from time immenorial, he drew from his pocket a mason's small chisel and applied it to the screws upon the box. They yielded, one after another, and in a short space of time Flint. wood drew off the open cover. A sight met his eyes which well-nigh paralyzed

The body of a girl, young and surpassfair, robed in white linen, lay before There was death upon her brow, and eternal slumber upon her lips. Her long chesnut hair swept bright and glistening down her wax-work neck, and the lids over her full, half-closed eyes, seemed but drooping before the fixed gaze of him who bent over her. Entranced, enraptured, fascinated, Horace gazed upon the

Speech, motion, everything seemed gone out from him-all his faculties were concentrated into one sense—that of seeing. The striking of a distant clock the hour of one aroused him to a sense of his condition. His thoughts came back, and

rushed through his brain with the rapidity of lightning.

Wall up this beautiful creature in a cellar, amid the dampness and everlasting Who knew what fearful secret gloom? tell the story of her death? What might

not those lips-unsealed from their cold silence-reveal of foul crime and villainy? Could he bury her up from sigh forever

God helping him, never! Immediately he set about an examination of the walls of the cellar, and by a careful sounding he was enabled to detect the outer wall! He brought some of his tools to the side of the masonry, and in fifteen minutes he had made an aperture the size of a man's body through the brickwork. Fresh air from heaven's outer courts fanned his brow, and the heavy plunge of rushing water could be distinct y heard. Evidently the building into which he had been so strangely conveyed was situated in the vicinity of some river, if not upon its very banks.

A wild romantic plan-possible from its very impossibility—swept through his mind. Why not remove the body to the shores of the river, and from whence he could, he felt convinced, subsequently discover and take it away, to at least Christian burial? He could brick up the recess. as his employer required, and who would

This plan, once conceived, was carried as by right, was made sole heir to his into effect, without hesitation. By diligent labor he soon enlarged the cavity in the wall sufficiently for his purpose, and letting himself carefully out he reconnoit. than a maternal cousin, who is known as every one of the twenty-two police stations ered the premises. The night was black col. Glines—Richard Glines, of Woodsas Erebus, and he could ascertain but little beyond the fact that he stood in a deep cited, it appears, towards me, and though the privilege of being allowed to sleep on a drain which surrounded the mansion. The he was careful to avoid arousing my susbench or on the tione floor of the lodgers' ascent from this drain was steep and pre- picions, I soon came to know that he nurs- cells. They are frequently crowded so cipitous, but Horace felt within himself the power to do great things, and he returned at once to the cellar.

Replacing the cover upon the box, and lightly fastening the screws, he sprang through the aperture and drew it after With the greatest difficulty he suchim. ceeded in raising the heavy, oaken box to the surface of the ground, for the sides of every pleasant morning, on a horse which to those in extreme need. The persons then passed through several mouldy, the drain were wet and slippery. The my poor father imported for the suffering are not usually drunken comes; then down a flight of steps, gush of water could be very plainly distinguished at but a little distance off, and taking my accustomed ride—as it happen- mechanics who would work at any kind of close upon the mansion, evidently between ed entirely unattended-in passing through labor for a mer) subof unhewn stone. The air him and the river, rose a black cope wood a forest near W --- Moor, I was seized !

wood venered to as sessions guide.

"It matters not be a massive iron repl."

They stopped before a massive iron foor, strongly secured by bolts fastening in grooves cut for into the solid seed the casing. Down into their piches fall the penderous bars as the twain passed through the entrance, and the door close to with a dull heavy bang.

The unknown paused, and drew off the handsge from Horace's eyes.

They stood in a long, low apartment, the sides of which were of black brick, and the arched roof of dingy gray stone. The dim light which the unknown carried in his hand only served to make more hidecus the dismal gloom of the place.

In the centre of the room there was an oblong box, of unpolished oak, screwed together by heavy iron screws, and in general appearance not unlike a coffin. A thrill of superstitious horror passed through Horace's frame; he started back a few paces, still regarding with distended eyes the object before him.

"Well?" he spoke, inquiringly.

"That box," returned the unknown, "contains a treasure, of what form it matters not to you; suffice it that I wish troom. and his mysterious employer entered the

A sardonic smile gleamed from his black, fiery eyes, for no other feature of

The wild eyes flashed savagely down into Horace's face, and though his voice did not tremble, his cheek became paler as he said, "I swear."

"Enough! A man like you will kee "Enough! A man like you will keep an oath. Your work is done well."

"I am happy to have pleased you. It was thoughtful for you to select such a place for your gold—the most cunning burglar would have never gnessed it."

"You will lose nothing by your exceeding eleverness," he said, as he was fixing the handare over Hosse,"

the bandage over Horace's eyes, "here, my friend, is a little present for you," and he placed a parcel in the mechanic's hand.

The same road was driven over, the same unearthly silence preserved in the left blind-folded at the door of his lodgings. He tore off the handkerchief and looked wildly around him, but he saw only great crazy houses and smoky manufactor ries. The carriage and its mysterious occupants had vanished.

He bethought himself of the parcel giv-

en him by the unknown, and breaking it open, he found simply a hundred dollar te enveloped in brown paper. Early in the morning, subsequent to the

events chronicled above, a boat, containing two persons, might have been seen pro ceeding at good speed up the Des P river. Arrived within half a mile of Woodstock the way lay through or between high banks, which were covered with a thick growth of scrubby maples and tan-gled witch-hazel. From the overhanging bough of a low tree a white handkerchief not long escape the anxious eye of the taller of the two boatmen.

"Tis the very place! I know it!" no ex-claimed, triumphantly.

In a few moments the boat was resting

n a little cove directly beneath the signal. Flintwood, for the reader has probably recognised our old friend, sprang upon the shore, followed closely by his companion, and after a brief search, the box containing the mysterious corpse was placed in the boat, the handkerehief was removed from the tree bough, and the light craft shot off like an arrow down the stream.

They drow up the boat, after a good two nours' sail, at an obscure wharf in the little village of N-, and a carriage, which was evidently waiting their arrival, took them and their freight to a large old house situated a little out of the village,

Flintwood had the box conveyed to an upper chamber of this building, and when left alone with it, he unscrewed the cover and looked upon the face sleeping within there was a warm perspiration upon the might be buried with her? Who could forehead of the seeming corpse, and a a few kernels of corn which they had imparted lips!

The young man sprang from the room, and in fifteen minutes he returned accomwith that dreadful mystery hanging around her? Would he do the deed? Never! panied by a physician. The man of science, after a brief examination of the body, reafter a brief examination of the body, reported "temporary suspension of animathe physician asserted that the body was three months previous!

succinctly the following account:

"Fifteen months ago, my father, Norton nibble it to save herself from starvation. Winchester, died, and I by his will as well sentiment than the most sincere pity,

sports, and was in the habit of riding out given nightly at nearly every station house

hated haters of Col. Glines! To all my cries and agonized inquiries as to what he intended to do with me, he made but one reply—a low, almost infernal laugh.

"At last, but all too soon, the carriage stopped at the gate way of that horrid place known as "Woodstock Turror"—the house rendered terrible by the Eillston murder, committed there ton years ago—and more dead than alive I was dragged within the shadow of its dreadful rooms. Words cannot owners to you the agont I sufficed for not express to you the agony I suffered for the next month. Persecuted by Col. Glines, tortured with the presence of his wretched son, a confined prisoner in the dwelling of my deadliest enemies! No tidings of the world beyond those high, black enclosures, reached me; and I gave myself up for lost! Indeed, I little cared how soon death came and released me from this horrible bon-dage. Every day I was beset with argu-ments, entreaties, threats and imprecations, all tending toward gaining my consent to a marriage with Harwell Glines. I remain-ed firm to the last, and received in return for my temerity an apartment under ground, and securely barred and belted. The rigorous, unusual confinement brought on a lingering fever, and I could plainly see that my persecutors intended it should terminate in my death. I had taken no his face was visible.

"So you are punctual to the time, my friend." He approached and laid his hand upon Flintwood's shoulder, "Well, I admire punctuality. And now, as we are plaster over the whole! You will find an the materials necessary to your work, here; and at precisely four o'clock I shall expect you to have the job complete. Until that hour you will be alone—then I will of this night—silence as unbroken as the darkness of the tomb!"

The wild eves flashed savagely down the same that he will every faculty. The wild eves flashed savagely down the same that he wish of reviving to my dread life again, and immediately a slumberous sensition benumbed every faculty. The wild eves flashed savagely down the same that he wish of reviving to my dread life again, and immediately a slumberous sensition benumbed every faculty. The wild eves flashed savagely down the wish of reviving to my dread life again, and immediately a slumberous sensition benumbed every faculty. The wild eves flashed savagely down the wish of reviving to my dread life again, and immediately a slumberous sensition benumbed every faculty. The wild eves flashed savagely down the wish of reviving to my dread life again, and immediately a slumberous sensition benumbed every faculty. The wild eves flashed savagely down the wish of reviving to my dread life again, and immediately a slumberous sensition benumbed every faculty. heard them arrange the disposition of my body when the sleeping potion should have taken effect, and with scarcely a thrill I learned that I was to be placed in the cellar, and enclosed within a solid pile of masonry, while yet alive! I remember no more. It is all a blank and void till now."

Gertrude Winchester fully recovered her ealth beneath the hospitable roof of the kind boatman, and in due time appeared again to her astonished household who had mourned her dead.

Col. Glines had applied for legal posses sion of her property, but owing to some delay in the city courts he had not been able to assume formal occupancy. Immediately on Gertrude's re-appear-

ance, he fled from "Woodstock's Terror" with his son, and no subsequent tidings of them ever reached C—. "Woodstock's Terror" soon became a ruin, and one night t was reduced to ashes during a violent thunder storm. Whether it was fired by a bolt from Heaven, or by the hand of man, was never known.

Gertrude Winchester naturally felt very

grateful to Horace for resening her from a dread fate, and she displayed her gratitude in a somewhat singular manner.

It was quite a romance, the newspapers of the day said, and now is had all ended in that common-place affair -- a wedding -with eight bridesmaids, and a corresponding number of groomsmes. With the full approbation of his bride

Horace Flintwood want North, and returned accompanied by his worthy parents, who henceforth through their lives found fluttered in the wind, and the signal did a pleasant home in the luturious residence of their son and his affectionate young wife. A LITTLE FABLE FOR LITTLE MINDS.

and every dollar that the poor now possess keep it so long. Everything that you do not absolutely need in these times is dear at any price, and touching this we have a fable to relate: Once upon a time, a young female squirrel

went to housekeeping in a hole in the crotch of the big elm tree which fends off from our dwelling the assaults of the sun during the summer solstice. It was late in the fall of the year, and winter was close at hand. and a hard and long winter the older and more experienced squireds knew it was going to be. They rakel and scraped to gether all the nuts they could get, and stowed them away in their respective tenements for future use; and still they thought they had not enough, for they foresaw short comings in the spring. Some of the more its shadow. As he gazed, he saw that crafty, who had a steck of hazienuts (esteemed a delicacy by the squirrel race) and tinge of life-like redness on the slightly ported from our barn, without paying for offered them for sale to their less considerate brethren in exchange for butternuts. walnuts and acorns; but as more corn could be obtained only at the expense of being shot by the farmer's boy, who was fond of squirrel too (squirrel-stew?) and the hazle tion, influenced by some drug while in bushes were bare, these luxuries ought to great bodily prostration." Furthermore, command, they said, high prices. However, as the times were hard, "they would be that of Gertrude Winchester, the belle and sold at a sacrifice," say one beautiful hazleheiress, whose disappearance had caused nut for a dozen common acorns, two charma great sensation of grief and wonder in log kernels of corn for four ordinary walthe fashionable circles of C-, some outs, and other things at the same low rates. The young squirrel, who had just Dr. Wellman suggested the most rigid gone to housekeeping, with a tolerably good secresy concerning the mysterious discov- supply of the common necessaries of life, ery of the body, and in the meantime, ex- thought she had never heard of "bargains" erted himself to the utmost to restore the so tempting before, and, notwithstanding lady to life and consciousness. His efforts that her aged mother besought her to were successful, and by sundown of that save her provisions for future need, she day Gertrude was able to converse. So exchanged half of her winter's supply for soon as deemed practicable by the media a handful of the superfluities. She had cal attendant, the story of her abduction enough, she thought, of everything now, from the dismal vault of the old country and prided herself vastly upon her smart home was told to her, and at her request trading! Long before spring, however, all Flintwood was called in, and she gave her provisions were gone, and when the grass was graen again she was thankful to

great property. I had neither brothers who do not visit our police stations at nor sisters, and my mother being deceased night, know but thate of the rast amount some four years, I had no nearer relative of suffering now existing in the city. At ed against me the bitterest rancor. Pro- much that there is not room for them to bably this was, in some measure, increas- lie down at full length; and, when the ed by my refusal to form a matrimonial places are thus filled to their utmost capacialliance with his son-a dissolute young ty, the homeless creatures may be seen on man-whom I could regard with no other any night crying when refused shelter, and Thus forced to sleep in the open air. Many "I have ever been fond of equestrian of them would starve but for the loaves

Major Brown's Coon Story. "I was down on the crick this morning,"

coon tracks. I think they're a goin' to be powerful plenty this season,"

"Ob, yes," replied Tom Coker, "I never hearn tell of the likes before. The whole woods is lined with 'em. If skins is only a good price this season, I'll be worth some-thin' in the Spring, sure's you live, for I've est got one of the best coon dogs in all Illi

"You say you never bearn tell o' the like "You say you never bearn tell o' the like o' the count?" put in Major Brown, an old veteran who had been chewing his tobacco in silence for the last half bour. "Why, you don't know ensything 'bout 'em! If you'd a come here forty years ago, like I did, you'd a thought coond. I jest tell you, boys, you couldn't go amiss for 'em. We hardly ever thought of pesterin' 'em much, for their skins weren't worth a darn with us—that is, we couldn't get enough for 'em to pay for the skinnin'.

to pay for the skinnin'.

"I recollect one day I went out a bee huntin'. Wal, arter I'd lumbered about a good while, I got kinder tired, and so I leaned up agin a big tree to rest. I hadn't much more'n leaned up afore somethin' give me one of the allfirdest nips about the seat o' my britches I ever got in my life. I jumped about a rod, and lit a runnin', and kept on a runnin' for over a hundred yards; when think, sex I, its no use a running' and I'm snake bit, but a runnin' won't d enny good. So I jest stops, and proceeded to examine the wound. I soon seed it was no snake bite, for thar's a blood blister pinch ed on me about six inches long.
"Think, sez I, that rether gits me! Wha

n the very deuce could it a bin? Arter hinkin' about it a while, I concluded to go back, and look for the critter, jest for the curiosity o' the thing. I went to the tree and poked the weeds and stuff all about; but darn the thing could I see. Purty soon I sees the tree has a little split a run nin' along up it, and so I gits to lookin' at that. Dreckly I sees the split open about half a inch, and then shet up agin; then I sees it open and shet, and open and shet and open and shet, right along as regular as a clock a tickin'. Think, sez I, what in all creation can this mean? I know'd I'd got pinched in the split, but what in thunler was a makin' it do it! At first I felt orfully scared, and thought it must be some thing dreadful; and then agin I thought it mouten't. Next I thought about hants and ghosts, and about a runnin' home and sayin' nothin' about it; and then I thought it couldn't be enny o' 'em, for I'd never hearn tell o' them a pasterin' a feller right in open daylight. At last, the true blood of my ancesters riz up in my veins, and told me it 'ud be cowardly to go home, and not find out what it was; so I lumbered for my axe, and swore I'd find out all about it, or blow up. When I got back. I let into the tree like blazes, and party soon it cum down and smashed all to flinders-and what do you think! Why, it was rammed and ammed plum smack full o' coons, from top to bottom. Yes, sir, they's rammed in so clost, that every time they breathed they made the split open." - Parter's Spirit.

MRS. FANNY FERN ON THE AMERICAN Risis .- Well, I never! No. Snakes and bracelets, darned (as stockings are darned, you know) if I ever did. Moses and Aaron So it's us—us, women, ladies—us, the deli-cious little blue eyed tremblers, at whose tiny tootsicums you've been kneeling for nobody knows how long-it's us who have been and done it, and got you all into debt, and stopped your banks, and made your bills There is a long, dull, had season ahead, good for nothing but to light the beastly word? By Diana and the mischievous ur chin Dan Cupid, that's what you've concluded to come to, is it? And you call your-selves men! If I could blush, I'd blush for you; but I calculate it wou'dn't do no more good than emptying my teapot into the almighty Niagara.

And what have we poor timid slaves been doing, if it please my lords and masters of the creation to certify. Let us hear our crimes, anyhow. What! Buying too many robes, and spending too much in ewelry, and perfumes, and soap, and gloves, and flowers, and slippers for our dear little rotters. Those are the things which you are not ashamed to throw into our faces. Frant me patience, gracious Jupiter! while write such matters down. Why, a right minded man, not to say American, would down upon his marrow-bones to his wife, and humbly thank her for having, at all events, got some pleasure out of his money while it lasted. And she, if she was a dear, warm, kind, affectionate, sweet, good, darling little rib, (as we all are till you make us more t'other.) would say to him, shaking her lovely curls over his face, "Sam," or Bill," or "Alcibiades," as the case might be, "I forgive you," and I don't know-1 say I don't know, but if he looked very penitent indeed, and was a handsome felow-I don't know but she might justthere, it's out, give him a kiss-ah, and a good one, too-not one of the touches that wouldn't make a dewdrop absquatulate from a rose-leaf, but one as if she meant it. But the notion of a husband charging his ruin upon one of those angels, who, in the disquise of wives, float about your homes, and fill the air with essence of Paradise-well

le tritle of extravagance on your side of the table. Nothing about poker, or any other little game. Nothing about racing, or bets on horses to be sent over to England, to John Bull's jockeys, or to be poisoned by dukes and marquises, for fear the Stars and the Stripes should bang the Old Country on its own Turf. No oysters and port wine, and such like, monkeying the aristocrats of Britain. No chests of cigars, big as umbrellas. No gumticklers, and neck-twi- ers. and brandy-smashes, and bull's milk, and tougue-scrapers; nor any other of your nasty excuses for liquoring; when you're ashamed to call out, like free citizens of the noblest empire in the world, for what you really mean. No opera-boxes, that ain't always filled with your own wives, but are sometimes sent as presents to somebody else'ssame remark as to shawls and trinkets, my masters. Oh, no! nothing of all this. Ask about these things, and the lords of creation are as mute as a dead nigger in a coal-hole. But there's something in all this, girls, notwithstanding. I swear it, by the memory of St. Washington.

But come, girls, up and be doing! we've done the mischief, (and my lords say so, and therefore, of course, it must be so, we must repair it. We'll have a good time.

The editor of a newspaper down-east has been bled to improve the circulation-of

Times of salded, when Parliament meets next week, to the many others in which Victoria I rejoices. Every disinterested person is pleased that the Company's old humdrum system has come to an end—tumbled to pieces from want of cohesion. Even in the matter of transporting troops across the isthmus, when the danger became serious, the East India Company, it now appears, were the great obstructives. The following passage from the first leader in the Times of yesterday seals the doom of the Merchant Princes" in their capacity as rulers of India: "The double Government, which is the type of obstruction and circumlocution, has last its day, and must now give way to something better suited to the present time and to actual wants. We are happy to say, that as soon as Parliament meets for the despatch of general business, the total abolition of the Gompany's government will be proposed by Ministers. India will be brought immediately under the control of the Crown and Parliament, with such machinery of administration as shall such machinery of administration as shall be thought conducive to its welfare. The greatest dependency of the empire will receive the benefits of direct Parliamentary supervision and direct Ministerial respons bility. Under such a system we cannot doubt that the nation which has conquered and reconquered India will soon urge it on ward, with new force, in the path of im provement .- European Times.

A Prussian journal, of the Lower Rhine ells a very good story of a religious com munity thereon, who, appreciating the long and able services of their faithful minister. unanimously resolved, as a slight testimonial of the same, to present him this year of a bountiful vintage each with a bottle of white wine. The minister was, of course, duly sensitive to this delicate tribute of love and affection, as well as pretty proud of it. as an evidence that his ministry had not been altogether in vain, and at considerable expense prepared in his cellar a huge ornamented cark, at which, on the appointed day, appeared every member of his flock, and emptied his bottle. But what was the surprise of the minister, as well as of the generous donors, on tasting from the new overflowing cask, to find that it was not wine, but water? A strange thing, certainly, and of which we have no other explanation than this, that every member of the society was of the same idea, that one bettle of water would not be noticed in a whole

WAYS AND MEANS.-Two Irishmen who were travelling together, got out of money, and being in want of a drink of whiskey, devised the following ways and

means—
Patrick, catching a frog out of a brook, went ahead, and at the very first tavern he came to asked the landlord what sort of a cratur that was?

He said 'frog,' of course. No, sir, said Pat, it's a mouse. It's a frog, replied the landlord.

It is a mouse, said Pat, and I will leave it to the first traveller that comes along for a pint of whiskey.

Agreed, said the landlord.

Murphy soon arrived, and to him was the appeal made. After much examination and deliberation, he declared it to be mouse; and the landlord, in spite of the evidence of his senses, paid the bet, instead of giving both the thrashing they so rich-

THE PLUNDER OF DELHI .- A private letter from Delhi, dated September 27, says: For a description of the riches of Delhi inlaid with gold, bodies covered with gold lace, skirts of dresses, watches, bars of gold, beds of silk and down, such as no noble man's house in England could produce, you would see the Sikhs carrying out of Delhi the first day, as if they were almost nothing. A shawl which in England would fetel £100, they were selling for four rupes, and you may depend our fellows were not behind them. \* \* \* It is supposed the Rifles would go to England with upwards of £1000 each, though General Wilson has

INAUGURAL OF THE GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA. Gov. Moore, of Alabama. He urges economy in the management of the affairs of the State, and hinks that a surplus in the treasury should be ear fully guarded against, illustrating the danger of the opposite policy by the experience of the General Government. He regards the subject of education in the public schools as of the highest importance, and recommends the State University to the attention of the Legislature. He has not changed his former opinion that the notes of the State Bank, when returned to the Trensury, should be cancelled. The commercial panic has served to confirm h m in the opinion that the policy of Alabama, in separating herself from all connection with banks or other moneyed institutions, is sound, and should be maintained. He thinks that banks, "if nee ssary for commerce and for commercial facilities, are necessary ecils," and that "such restrictions and penuld be incorporated in the charters as will f possible, effectually protect the people against the ibuse of their powers and privileges." subject of federal relations, he reviews the move-ments of the Black Republicans, whose manifest purpose is "to exterminate the institution of slave-ry." He is not without hope that the Union may be preserved, though he does not regard it as the "paran ount political good," and thinks that the South should by aside all minor questions and unite in resistance to its Northern assailants, "Athe conduct of Gov. Walker in Kausas, and thinks that the convention had exclusive right to determine whether they would or would not submit the Con have their hearts broken by the cheating of stitution to the people. He does not join, however, in the complaint against the Administration for not removing Gov. Walker, "believing that Mr. Buchanan will be able to give satisfactory reasons for the course he has pursued."

Too Tage for a Joke .-- In Mr. Memminger' peech on the suspension bill, he made this remark Carolina was worth before suspension \$29,000,000; prices had fallen about one-third; her share of the loss would be about \$7,000,000. Think of this, planters, and then remember that your representatives have voted to fasten this worthless currency opon you for a whole year more. In another part of his speech, he said, a law, re-

ferring to the suspension act, that permits such vio-lation of a contract, is a law which sets honesty at defiance. Will the people bear it in mind that a majority of representatives have voted for such a law a law to set honesty at defiance? - Cherate Ga-The Ontonagan Miner gives an account of a mense copper nugget discovered in the Minneso-

ta mine. Its greatest length is forty-siz feet, with a mean width of 12½ feet, and average thickness of 3½ feet. Cubic contents 2,000 feet. Parity 90 per cent. Weight 500 tons. Value \$300,000. The shock of an earthquake was felt in Green bier county, Virginia, on the night of the 10th in stant—in the same county, at the same time, a large land slide took place, and the end of a mountain gave way, and was precipitated into a river below.

The London Times estimates that the aggregate sum of the liabilities of the mercantile firms which have failed in London amounts to between thirty and forty millions of pounds sterling.

Twester, best Propheter They are not mended as Cure-alls, but what their name

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This preparation is getting into use all over on country. The numerous letters we receive from our various agents, informing us of cures effected issued an order that the prizes shall be all put together and divided. Most of our saying it is one of the best, if not the rery best, was not worth unwards of 100 rupes." Cough Medicine now before the public. It almost invariably relieves, and not unfrequently cures the very worst cases. When all other Cough preparations have failed, this has relieved the patient, so Druggists, dealers in Medicines, and Physicians, can testify. Ask the Agent in your nearest town, what has been his experience of the effects of this medicine. If he has been selling it for any length of time he will tall your

of time he will tell you IT IS THE BEST MEDICINE EYTANT. Below we give a few extracts from letters we have received lately regarding the virtues of this

medicine.

Dr. S. S. Oslin, of Knoxville, Ga., says: I have been using your Liverwort and Tarvery extensively in my practice for three years past, and, it is with pleasure I state my belief in irrs ever, RIGHTY OVER ALL OTHER ANTICLES with which I am acquainted, for which it is recommended. Messrs. Fitzgerald & Benners, criting from Waynesville, N. C. say: "The Liverwort and Tar is becoming daily more popular in this Country, and we think justify so. All who have tried

it speak in commendable terms of it, and say it is very beneficial in alleviating the complaints for which it is recommended."

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Our Agent in Pickens District, S. C., Mr. S. R. McFall, assures us "that he uses it with great benefit in his own family, and recommends it to his neighbors." He gives an instance of a Negro woman, in his vicinity, who had been suffering with disease of the Lungs for years, attended with set

man, in his vicinity, who had been suffering with disease of the Lungs for years, attended with set vere cough, who was relieved by the Liverwor

Such are the good reports we hear of this Midi cine from all parts of the South. For a report of the surprising cures it has performed in the Western and Northern and Eastern States, we would invite the suffering patient to read the pampillet which accompanies each bottle. To all we say, have hope, have hope!

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